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OR,
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. II.

IN my last number I ventured some remarks on Happiness; I shall in this offer some of my ideas on Man. A singular being he is—endowed with much reason, enough, indeed, to raise him to a rank more than human, but that it is always perverted by his passions: in this instance we see evinced the all-wise precaution of our Maker; he endows man with powers next in rank to his own, but that these powers shall be always kept under due restraint, he has implanted in us desires which subvert them in proportion as they are more or less indulged in.

To me it appears that there are two primary principles in man, which direct and promote every action, good or evil—Ambition and Pleasure—the sources to which may be traced every undertaking attempted by him: the effect which these passions produce on his reasoning faculties, and the power exercised by them over his mind, shall form the subject of the following analysis.

To ascertain correctly the influence which passion possesses over reason, and what share reason has in governing and subduing the passions, we must take man in his primitive state, and come down with him to the present period; we must lay aside all hypothesis, and look to facts only. We have an evidence in the first transgressions of the influence of ambition over reason, in the first place; and of the influence of pleasure, in the second. The serpent tempts Eve to eat of that which was forbidden; her reason tells her to resist, nor let her desire of knowledge, which may be called ambition, supercede her duty towards her Maker, who had commanded to the contrary: her passion, on the other hand, prompts her to infringe the mandate, alluring her by ideas of what shall be her enjoyment on becoming acquainted with all the knowledge that earth afforded—we accordingly see ambition triumph over reason in this its very first attempt. Let us now observe the influence of pleasure. Eve having satisfied her ambition in transgressing the word of God, proceeds to search out Adam, to whom she communicates her adventure, and entices him to follow her example, nor remain longer in ignorance of the earth's pleasure: his reason depicts the wickedness of the act, and the consequences that will certainly ensue, and urges him to resistance. He then looks at Eve, the wife of his bosom, on whom all his love and all his thoughts are centered: he sees her beauty, yet feels that unless he render himself equally culpable with

her, they must be for ever separated:—he transgresses and is lost. Pleasure gained the supremacy—the pleasure of enjoying life and death with his heart's dearest object appeared to him superior to living without her, however virtuous he might continue. Mark now the triumph of reason; her ambition and his pleasure are satisfied; they have nothing more to hope from either; seated under the fig-tree's shade, they feel all the remorse of conscience, and curse the moment of their seduction from reason's sway; they fear the sight of God, and seek in the shade to hide their blushing faces.

The allegory is sufficient for any man's satisfaction, for it evinces clearly, and proves beyond contradiction, that, whenever our passions are enlisted in the attainment of an end, they will divest themselves of all restraint; and it is not until misfortune gathers thick around them, that reason, which was before unconsulted, points out the path that should have been chosen, most frequently when it is unavailing.

Man makes his mind subservient to his passions, instead of directing them by it—after having rejected every remonstrance of the former, and chosen his path under the direction of either of his desires, he then taxes reason for the best means of accomplishing his object; he rejects her advice in his choice, but courts it for the attainment of it. To quote instances here were worse than useless; every reflecting man who scans the actions of his fellows with an eye of inquiry, and with the object of turning his information into a means of improvement, cannot but be convinced of it: those whose thoughts have not yet acquired an observing cast, will find an advantage in starting from premises laid down in general, and seek for examples in history, which cannot fail in producing a more lasting impression than if their information were acquired without pains; for it is an undeniable premiss that that which is sought after and attained with difficulty, is worth more, and will be longer retained, than that which we acquire gratis.

It has been shown that the first man who lived in the world was unable to direct his reason in such a manner as to overcome his desires; this, I am of opinion, proves beyond a doubt that it is the nature of humanity not to reflect on the impulses of its feelings, but that its reflecting powers are directed to the attainment of whatever these impulses of its feelings may actuate, and no further.—The history of man cannot but convince every one that this same active principle of the passions, in opposition to reason,

exists now in the same state as it did in the first human being, and that whatever improvements he might have made in the arts of life, and how near soever society in general may approximate to a perfect state, man is, notwithstanding, as he always was, and ever will be—the creature of fantasies, and the subject of delusion.

I shall now hazard some remarks on the condition of the world as it is now, in comparison with what it was formerly, and more particularly before the Christian era.

I do not think any one will contend that Christianity contributed to enlighten the world, whatever may be its present state: for in the earlier ages, when the Christian revelation first spread over Europe, the minds of men were yet enveloped in darkness, nor had the lights of reason made them capable of comprehending ideas, too abstract for even the present enlightened age. It was not Christianity that forwarded the advance of man towards civilization, but it was his progress towards it, emanating from other sources, that served to enlighten Christianity, and free it from the shackles of Roman superstition. The cause is self evident. The first firm stand taken by the Christians was at Rome; it was there that, after a long series of persecution and blood-shed, their religion attained the supremacy, and raised its all conquering head high over the ruins of ancient idolatry. Yet it was over the ruins of idolatry that it was raised, and from this very cause it proceeded that much darkness remained about it. The mists of ancient superstition which floated around were in a measure imbibed, and it required a powerful sun-beam to dissipate them.

The condition of the human mind anterior to the Christian era, and posterior to this era, as far down as the sixteenth century, when Luther propagated the dissenting principles which at once laid bare the roots of that stupendous system of imposture which had for centuries enslaved the reason as well as the privileges of man, will be found to have been in a condition but little better than an absolute state of barbarism, with the exception of Rome, from the era of Tully; and Greece, which must form a particular exception. She was always distinguishable from other nations by the singularity of her history—the first to emerge from barbarism, she was also the first to retrograde into it. But the mighty effort of Grecian mind and Grecian reason shall never be forgotten; her Plato shall stand pre-eminent amidst the ruins of ages; and Homer, that grasping genius, whose mind elevated above the earth, soared to the seat of

Gods, to tell of deeds of love and chivalry, unrivalled in every succeeding age.

All this may, at first sight, appear to most of my readers an unwarranted digression from my premises, for what can ambition and pleasure have to do with the condition of the world and the Christian revelation? With the state of society it has every thing to do, and with Christianity nothing but the effect produced by it on the mind, is the object of its being here introduced.

The conclusion then is this, man is internally now, what he always was; nor can he ever alter. It is appearances only that are different. In the earlier ages, we see ambition and pleasure proceeding to the attainment of their ends, without regard to the means; we now see them, with the same objects in view. It is the manner of attaining them only that is altered—we find craft in the place of violence—and the arts of dissimulation have attained the supremacy over the open assaults of power.

Let us, kind readers, here stop together; you must, as well as myself, be weary of this barren path, without a flower to please the eye, and refresh the senses by its odour: by the bye, I must tell you, I have a nephew just arrived from Greenland, he has brought with him a considerable stock of eccentricity, some of which he will take an early opportunity of offering to you.

PROTEUS.

LE MOULINET—No. X.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.—SHAK.

THE gentleman who now paid his respects to the company, was a merchant of the third or fourth class; that is to say, he was the senior partner of a firm successfully engaged in the coasting trade, commission business, and wholesale grocery. Having acquired a sufficient fortune to support his family genteelly, and being distantly related to several of the first class, he prided himself on keeping *good company*, continually observing, that a man in his business would not be respected unless he was very scrupulous in the selection of his intimates. Another virtue of which he sometimes boasted, was his inflexible candour, being always determined to speak his opinion fully and fearlessly, for there was nothing, he said, which he so much detested as hypocrisy. Add to this he was a zealous professor of religion, and had a pew in Trinity Church. Such was the character which Wiseacre gave me in a whisper, as Mr. Sackville advanced to the sofa where his lady was seated between two patrician matrons, of the first ward, one of whom familiarly accosted him with—

‘How could you forego the pleasure of taking tea with us?’

‘Business, madam, business before pleasure, is always my maxim. My unanswered letters had so accumulated, that I was compelled to devote an extra hour to that subject.’

‘Your letters could surely have been answered to-morrow, Mr. Sackville,’ said

Miss Pertly, advancing to him. ‘But a lady’s birth-day, you know, it is impossible to postpone.’

‘That is true, Miss; but I dare say that no lady or gentleman here would have enjoyed their tea any better for my being present.’

‘Why, you shocking creature!’ exclaimed Mrs. Oakly, the lady who first accosted him; ‘Can you not assume sufficient politeness to express some regret for the loss of pleasure on *your* part?’

‘I cannot express what I do not feel, Madam; and I am confident that I enjoyed greater pleasure in attending to the business I mentioned, than I should had I neglected so obvious a *duty*. I speak plain—just what I think. I detest hypocrisy of any kind; and I hold it as a maxim, that no person can be happy with a neglected *duty* pressing upon his mind, like the—like the—

‘Like the Incubus,’ said Wiseacre.

‘The ink I boast,’ said Sackville, ‘is a very trifling consideration. But I did not mean to boast, sir, when I alluded to the job of writing I have just performed.—There is no boast in having done a duty; for when we have done all that we can, we are still but unprofitable servants.’

‘Too true!’ drawled out Mrs. Meekly, who was seated on the other side of Mrs. Sackville, following up the attestation with a sigh perfectly puritanic, as she opened her snuff-box. ‘Too true, Mr. Sackville, we are indeed but unprofitable servants. O dear, what *will* become of us!’

‘All the penance that we shall prescribe for your neglecting our tea,’ observed Mrs. Pertly, ‘is that you now accept a glass of wine.’

‘Excuse me, Madam; I drink nothing stronger than water. I and Mrs. Sackville have excluded all liquors from our sideboard, as not being consistent with the Christian character.’

I thought Mrs. Sackville looked as if she did not fully agree with her husband in every thing. But I might have been mistaken. Like a dutiful wife, she said nothing.

‘I should suppose,’ said Wiseacre, ‘that the supplying of your neighbour’s sideboards with such liquors as you have excluded from your own, were equally inconsistent with the Christian character.’

‘By no means, sir. In selling a pipe of wine, or spirits, we have no right to ask the purchaser to what use he intends to put them. Of course we cannot tell but he intends to apply them to chemical or medical purposes. I and my partner do not agree exactly on that point, as he uses liquors in his family. But I and he are both convinced that there is a vast difference between selling an article and consuming it. As I said before, I do not believe the use of stimulating liquors is consistent with the Christian character. I speak plain, Mrs. Pertly. I am a real Jack Blunt—always say what I think. I never say, behind a person’s back, what I

would not as readily say before his face. I detest hypocrisy, of any kind.’

‘O that every one was of your way of thinking!’ ejaculated Mrs. Meekly.—‘Alas! there is too much hypocrisy in the world. I know not what will become of us!’ and she again applied to her snuff-box for consolation.

‘That sentiment, perhaps, may be carried too far,’ said Wiseacre.

‘Carried too far!’ exclaimed the man of candour. ‘How is that possible? Is there any species of hypocrisy that ought, in your opinion, to be tolerated?’

‘Certainly, sir; and one that the precepts of our blessed religion continually inculcate.’

‘Indeed! I should be pleased to learn what it is, sir; and what are the precepts which inculcate it?’

‘It is that species, sir, which prompts a man to do right, when his own depraved inclinations prompt him to do wrong:—and it is recommended in every precept which enjoins us to contribute to the happiness of others.’

‘Upon my word, sir, you are the first advocate of hypocrisy with whom I have ever met. But I must confess that I do not understand how you are to support your propositions.’

‘Let me ask, sir, in the first place,’ replied my friend, ‘what are the preliminary steps which a vicious man ought to take in order to become virtuous?’

‘What preliminary steps? Why, sir, he is instructed to “cease to do evil, and learn to do well.”’

‘Very well, sir. But is not this abstaining from vices which he still loves, a species of hypocrisy? Is it not *appearing* to be what he actually is not? And yet, without such hypocrisy, there can be no reformation. It is Jacob securing the *blessing*, by assuming the dress of his elder brother.’

‘Then you would advise mankind to *appear* better than they really are?’

‘Certainly I would, if the *motive* of such dissimulation be the happiness of others. There is, I will grant, one species of hypocrisy, that never ought to be tolerated; I mean that which conceals a traitor, and is assumed for the purpose of injuring another. Far otherwise with that kind which has no other object than to make the possessor appear better than he is.’

‘You are inculcating a most dangerous and anti-Christian doctrine!’ said Mr. Sackville, solemnly.

‘O dear me! It is certainly a most dreadful doctrine!’ drawled out the pious Mrs. Meekly. ‘What in the world will become of us!’ And she again had recourse to her snuff-box for consolation.

‘I trust, sir, if you will grant me a hearing, that I will prove it to be neither dangerous nor anti-Christian. Wherein does the danger consist? A man sacrifices his own private feelings to promote the happiness of others—is not that an act of charity? We applaud the painter for casting the defects of his original in the shade; and none but those who prefer ugliness to

beauty, will censure a person for calling in the aid of *art*, to conceal the deformities of nature; and to add charms, where her parsimony has denied them.'

'Why, to be sure,' stammered Mr. Sackville, accidental defects—are—

'I know what you would say, sir'—returned Wiseacre. 'Accidental defects in our persons, are to be, as far as possible, remedied by *art*.'

'Oh dear me! I can never admit that,' exclaimed Mrs. Meekly. 'If our Heavenly father has seen fit to visit us with any deformity, it is our duty to bear it with resignation, without attempting to improve his works, or avert his righteous judgments. It is a mercy that we are not all consumed. He only knows what *will* become of us!' Once more her snuff-box afforded relief.

'Then, Madam, if you had the misfortune to be visited with the tooth-ach, you would accept of no remedy?'

I knew not at the time why this question should make the lady change colour, stammer, and take an extra pinch of snuff;—but my friend Parmely, in Park-place, has since informed me that he had, since his return from England, supplied her with a complete set of *artificial teeth*—This was communicated to me in *confidence*, and I hope the reader will take no undue advantage of the secret.

But why did Mr. Sackville stammer? Keep it close—he wore a wig.

'I believe it is admitted on all hands,' continued my talkative friend, 'that both natural and casual defects in our persons, may be innocently supplied by *art*, in order that we may impart pleasure to others, by appearing pleasing instead of disgusting. Now it is well known that few people are so depraved, as not to admire the *beauties of the mind*; and it is, at least, of as much consequence to hide its defects, and set off its graces to advantage, as it is those of the body.'

Mr. Sackville here shook his head, very solemnly, three times; which drew three groans from the bosom of Mrs. Meekly, and three pinches of snuff from her golden box. My friend paused a moment, and then resumed the subject.

'Permit me to ask you, Madam, and you, sir, and every one else that disagrees with me on this subject—would it contribute to the happiness of mankind—would it promote their present or future welfare—would it improve the present state of society, to have every secret crime proclaimed to the world? Evil examples are contagious. The more of them we find among our companions, the more we are in danger of imbibing the contagion. Here hypocrisy, if allowed, would act the part of charity, and not only *hide* but *prevent* a "multitude of sins." While we possess an inclination to transgress, she takes away half the inducement, by *hiding the example of others*; for we seldom sin without the authority of example.'

'I fear, sir, that we all find inducement enough to sin, in our own corrupt hearts,

without waiting for the authority of example,' observed Mr. Sackville.

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Meekly; 'the heart is corrupt and desperately wicked. True and undefiled religion has almost disappeared from the earth. We have only the shadow remaining—the substance "sleeps with our fathers"—Oh dear, what *will* become of us!' The snuff-box, on this occasion, was not forgotten; and my friend continued:

'If so, madam, if the *substance* of morality and religion, as you and others assert, really "sleeps with our fathers," and we are not able to call it to life, we ought at least to reverence the *shade* of our departed friend, and hang up its *picture* for the solace and contemplation of our friends, our children, and ourselves. Do not misunderstand me, sir, that we ought to be contented with the *appearance* instead of the *reality*; but where we cannot have the latter, let us strive for the former. For the same reason that we prize good above evil, ought we not to value the appearance of good above the appearance of evil? I mean as it respects the happiness and good order of society.'

'Your argument is plausible, sir,' replied Mr. Sackville; 'and might convince a man of the world. But with myself and others, the good order of society, nay the temporal happiness of the whole race of mankind, is of trifling importance when compared with the eternal destiny of one single individual. I, for one, can never utter a falsehood, or practice a deception, merely to please a fellow creature. I cannot offend God to gratify man. Therefore I must still continue to detest hypocrisy of every species; even that which you men of the world call politeness. You must bear with me—I always speak just what I think—I never say that behind a man's back, which I would not say to his face—it is my nature—I cannot help it. You must excuse my plainness.'

'Perhaps, sir, by being a little less plain, you might gain more proselytes to the cause of truth and candour. If you wish to become a "fisher of men," you ought to bait your hook.'

'If I ever gain a proselyte, I cannot stoop to dissimulation. The noblest ends cannot justify unworthy means.'

'You recollect that St Paul—'

'Aye, the blessed St. Paul!' exclaimed Mrs. Meekly, with more animation than she had before exhibited—"If every one would follow the example of that blessed apostle, there would be no such thing as bending and yielding to the customs and opinions of this wicked world. Oh dear! what *will* become of us!" And after knocking the knuckle of her second finger against the side of her box, she took a hearty pinch, which appeared to revive her.

'You forget, Madam,' said my friend, 'what St. Paul himself says upon this subject. Unto the Jews, he became as a Jew, that he might gain the Jews; to them that were under the law, he ap-

peared and acted as under the law, that he might gain *them*; to them that were without law, he appeared and acted as without law, that he might gain *them*; "to the weak," says he, 'I became as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.'"

'St. Paul, doubtless, had authority for resorting to such means, in that age of the world,' replied Mr. Sackville. 'We have not; but are commanded to let our communications be yea, yea; nay, nay.'

'That command preceded the conversion of St. Paul; and, therefore, applied as strongly to him as to us. But let us return to the spot where the subject was first taken up. That species of hypocrisy which is generally called politeness of manners—which you condemn, and which most people approve—is one of the greatest checks to self-love in the world! and whatever opposes that passion, cannot be an enemy to morality or religion. Self-love bids the carver at a feast appropriate the choicest pieces to himself—politeness says 'no'; and self-love is compelled to submit. If a man's heart be lacerated with grief, self-love urges him to utter complaints to all around him; but politeness dictates to him to assume the appearance of cheerfulness. A man of morose disposition, or fretful temper, is prompted by self-love to give it vent in all places and in all companies; but he is generally restrained by politeness, and wears the counterfeit smile of good humour. Where is the danger or the harm of such innocent dissimulation? The immediate happiness of others is promoted, without doing violence to the strictest precepts of morality.'

But I will not weary the reader's patience by pursuing this subject any further. Mr. Sackville maintained his argument with great obstinacy, now and then seconded by Mrs. Meekly, until the exquisite playing of Miss Pertly put a period to the debate. The remainder of the evening was passed in great harmony;—and my friend Wiseacre, who appears to be perfectly "*at home*," in every thing, says that Miss P. exhibited more musical talent than he had ever before witnessed in a lady of her age.

As soon as I returned home, I proceeded immediately to my study, determined not to sleep until I had tested the sincerity of the man of *candour*, and the lady of *snuff*. I wrote both their names on one slip of paper, and submitted it to the ordeal of the MILL. During the process of decomposition, I noticed some very curious and remarkable phenomena. The wall of my study seemed to fade from my view, and new scenery to appear, like the changes in a play-house.

However, as I have been rather prolix in this number, I will defer showing the peculiar and remarkable properties of my incomparable MILL until the next publication, when will be developed the real characters of the man of *candour* and lady of *snuff*. W.

RUSSIAN LOVE.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

THERE are circumstances of distress which throw an interest around those involved in them, far greater than the most lavish gifts of a prosperous fortune could confer. Squalid poverty and pallid disease, even while they awake compassion and open the hand of benevolence, excite an almost involuntary disgust; and having relieved, we gladly pass on, unwilling to contemplate longer than may be absolutely necessary, objects so painful to our feelings, so degrading to our common nature. But the distress which still preserves the propriety of better fortune, the dejection evinced only by the pale cheek, the forced and frequent smile, and the reserve that it assumes as a shelter from observation, these are attendant circumstances which plead to the susceptibilities of the heart, and seize the imagination.

Thus circumstanced was Frederick Wolmar, when the fate of battle had placed him among the number of the unfortunate prisoners of war at Soissons, in 1813. To a countenance and form noble and expressive, the continual contemplation of his own and his wretched compatriots' misfortunes gave an air of deep melancholy. As he traversed the streets, the abstraction visible in his features plainly indicated that his soul was in his native Russia, and that his pent-up energies burned for freedom and for action. Whether it were that the general ferment in which all Europe was at that period involved, indurated the hearts of men, or whether the despotic government of the modern Cæsar were inimical to the existence of the kinder charities of life, certain it is that Frederick found little in Soissons to soothe the rigor of his fate. *Des véritables malheureux*, as the unfortunate prisoners were generally termed, experienced every extreme of wretchedness; and Frederick, whom peculiar circumstances had afforded some little funds, did all in his power to relieve their necessities, while he participated in their sorrows. Thus had passed nearly five months, when he was one day suddenly recognised by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, whom he had known in Russia, and to whom he had once rendered an essential service. After the first warm expressions of salutation, Sir Harcourt introduced Captain Wolmar to a young Frenchman of distinguished air, his companion. This was the first kindly beam of fortune that had risen upon Frederick since his capture. Sir Harcourt Aimworth was generous and grateful, and sought every means of proving to him how fully he remembered, and how anxious he was to return former benefits; and Frederick soon found his situation meliorated, and his spirits improved, under the influence of friendship. "Wolmar!" cried Sir Harcourt, one evening before they parted, "to-morrow I go to Compiègne. A grand fete is to be given in honour of Adolphe Clairville's coming of age—he who was with me the first day I met you here. The chateau is delight-

fully situated, and the scene will be new and entertaining; you must accompany me."

"Impossible! you forget that I am a prisoner." "No, I do not; I have sufficient interest to obtain permission for your leaving Soissons for so short a time, and so short a distance."

"A change of scene, I confess," replied Frederick, "would be refreshment to my wearied eyes; but this dress is unsuited to the scene you lead me to expect."

All minor objections were soon overruled, and the following day, somewhat later than Sir Harcourt wished, they set forth for Compiègne. Some delay had occurred in obtaining the Commandant's permission, which at their outset rather clouded the spirits of both; but as the beauties of the country opened upon them, they forgot their chagrin, and pursuing their way by the banks of the Aisne, Sir Harcourt gradually resumed his accustomed hilarity, and Frederick's heart expanded with feelings of pleasure, less apparent, but infinitely more profound.

Compiègne is distant from Soissons about nine leagues. On entering the town, which is neat and pretty, many objects of interest presented themselves to Wolmar's eyes; among these was the magnificent chateau of the Empress, and its beautiful gardens, of which, before proceeding to Monsieur Clairville's, Frederick persuaded his friend to allow him a hasty view. Money, here as everywhere else, in despite of standing orders to the contrary, threw open the doors, and they traversed many apartments, through which the light steps of Maria Louisa had often passed. The dispositions of the grounds afforded them even still more pleasure.—From the middle of the garden an expansive plain, with a fine sheet of water, appeared; the plain continuing till the eye reached a hill thickly crowned with trees, which, having a passage cut through, allowed the eye to range over an immensity of space. In that space the sole object that met their view was a marble crucifix of colossal size, apparently touching the heavens. A fine and extensive gravel-walk, covered with mahogany, where in all weathers the Empress could take exercise, also attracted their attention. Having peeped into the wood that terminated the gardens, they hastened to resume their route to the less magnificent chateau of Monsieur Clairville.

The soft twilight of a September evening was stealing over the horizon, and had Wolmar consulted his own feelings, he would have chosen to wander in the open air, rather than seek the illuminated mansion they were approaching. However, he did not long regret the destiny which drew him thither, when, amidst a large family circle, to whom he was introduced, he beheld the beautiful Adeline Clairville. Just seventeen, she inherited from her mother, who had been a Parisian belle, the airy elegance of mein, the fine and graceful form, the dark and brilliant eye, by which a truly beautiful

French woman ever is distinguished;—while from her father she derived the Saxon distinction of a complexion exquisitely fine, and a profusion of light hair. Her features, though delicate, were expressive, and animated by a soul highly susceptible and highly cultivated.

Deeply did Wolmar now regret the hours he had wasted in his progress from Soissons; for his heart, with an impulse instantaneous and impetuous, kindled with love to Adeline. Rarely is passion so spontaneous, and still more rarely is its object so calculated to excite it as she was. Wolmar, deprived of all presence of mind, gazed upon her with eyes in whose dark orbs the fire of his soul was too transparent; and he did not utter a word till Adeline left the room. The spell that bound him was then broken, and reddening at the recollection of his appearance while so absorbed, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the family. He had himself been not a little the subject of observation. His uniform pointed him out as an object of interest in a political point of view; and the gentlemen canvassed him, under the influence of national and party prejudices: while his elegant and expressive countenance, fine form, and graceful air, interested the ladies in his behalf, although, as yet, nothing more than the general bow on his entrance, had acknowledged their presence.

It is allowed that an individual seldom appears to less advantage than while under the dominion of the first impressions of love. Such was the case with Frederick: a stupor appeared to have seized his faculties; his remarks were commonplace and unconnected; and he occasionally fell into a silence, which might have rendered his possession of consciousness doubtful, only that he never failed to turn his eyes to the door when it opened. One after another, the ladies tripped away to their toilette; some lamenting that the *joli garçon* had not the vivacity of their countrymen, and receiving this specimen of Russian manners as a confirmation of the received opinion of the barbarism of the country; while others, more acute, or more liberal, attributed his abstraction to his misfortunes, justly conceiving that such a countenance could not be allied to an insensible or ill-informed mind.

To soothe the fever that was taking possession of his breast; Frederick strolled into the gardens; but he found not the solitude he desired—the domestics were busied in the illuminations and decorations, and the incessant sound of the arriving carriages announced the assembling of the guests. The ball-room opened on a splendid balcony, from which wide marble steps led into the garden.—Frederick placed himself in a situation that commanded a view of the gay saloon, desirous to gaze on *one* only, out of all the brilliant assembly. It was not long before she appeared; her gossamer robes were of snowy whiteness, while flowers of the most delicate hue were tastefully

enwreathed with her hair. Scarcely breathing, he approached nearer and nearer, till, sheltered under the shadow of a large tree, he stood almost before the steps of the balcony, into which, accompanied by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, Adeline now advanced. A frantic feeling of jealousy instantly seized the soul of Frederick; he thought he beheld a rival in Sir Harcourt, though a little reflection might have told him, that their tardy journey from Soissons was very unlike the progress which a favoured lover would have made to such an object. There was a pensive softness in Adeline's air, which convinced him she must feel peculiar interest in listening to her companion; and there was but one subject that could suggest itself to the heated brain of Frederick, as that on which they were conversing. In a few moments he saw Sir Harcourt bow and descend to the garden; and Adeline, returning to the room, was lost in a group of ladies.

Sir Harcourt passed without perceiving him, and inquired of a domestic if he had seen Captain Wolmar, a Russian officer? "he is in the garden," was the reply.—Frederick now advanced, and the moment his friend perceived him he exclaimed—"Where, in the name of wonder, have you been hiding? How unsought and how unmerited do the favours of fortune fall into the cap of some men, who will not give themselves the trouble to hold it out and receive them. Here has the lovely Adeline been in tears at your story, and is willing to accept you as a partner in the next dance." Fervent was the pressure of hand which replied to this welcome news, and rapid as electric light, Frederick was in the ball-room. Sir Harcourt conducted him to Mademoiselle Clairville, and buoyant with ecstasy he led her to the dance.

The passion that intoxicated him every moment gained new strength; and, without pausing to ask himself what might be the result, he determined to put a period to his suspense, by divulging it to Adeline before he returned to Soissons.—Three days formed the utmost limit of his stay, and when might he hope permission to return? A prisoner of war, he had no power to quit the city without the commandant's leave. If, hitherto, his loss of liberty had been oppressive, it was now insupportable, and a thousand wild visions of flying with Adeline Clairville flitted across his mind. Before the evening was half over, the silent and eloquent language of his eyes had imparted to her the secret of his heart; and her gentle blush, her soft and downcast looks, as eloquently replied. Animated by hope, spirits that had long lain dormant mantled into brilliancy, and the severest satirists on his first appearance, were the loudest to declare him as conspicuous for talent and address, as he was distinguished in person and air.

At four in the morning Adeline had quitted the ball-room; and though, from the continual flutter of coxcombs and ad-

mirers around her, Frederick had had no opportunity of breathing a connected sentence, she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart, and felt how quickly she was surrendering her own. "Strange, unfortunate fatality!"—she exclaimed, "out of the many suited to my rank and situation, that none should have awakened my heart;—while to this stranger responsive emotions rise spontaneously. But it must not be—he is a Russian—he is a prisoner—my father, my brother never would consent. I must shun his presence, I must banish him from my thoughts." The effort Adeline felt would be painful; but she knew the sequel of such an ill sorted attachment could only be fraught with the bitterest miseries; and, with a resolution, which it would be happy for her sex if they more frequently possessed, she determined to nip it in the bud. She possessed a strength of character beyond her years, and an exemption from the vice of coquetry uncommon to her countrywomen. Unwilling to trifle with the feelings of the unfortunate Wolmar, and fearful that her involuntary admiration had already given him too much encouragement, she forebore to join in the various entertainments prepared for those guests who remained at the chateau, and, under the plea of fatigue, did not make her appearance till the crowded ball-room again demanded her presence, and precluded the possibility of her receiving any particular address. Frederick, however, was not to be avoided: the hours passed since he had last beheld her, had wrought his mind to a pitch of desperation; and, seeing no means unaided of compassing his views, he made a confidant of Sir Harcourt. A weak good-nature was the characteristic of the baronet's mind: he readily promised Frederick his assistance: and that evening, while the guests were at supper, he managed to detain Adeline in the deserted ball-room. Sedulously had she shunned Captain Wolmar the whole evening, never suffering her eyes to meet his, and always mingling in some group the moment he approached her. Infinite, therefore, was her sorrow to see him advance towards her, and at the same moment Sir Harcourt left the room. She read in his impassioned countenance the tumult of his soul, and, trembling for her own strength, she sought to pass him with a slight *en passant* salutation: but the mournful and impressive tone with which he exclaimed—"Accord me one moment, madam!" sank into her heart, and deprived her of all power, if not of all wish to fly. The moments were precious;—they were few and fleeting, and another opportunity might not be permitted.—Frederick, therefore, seized them, as the shipwreck'd wretch grasps the last fragment that gives the hope of escaping death. In the impassioned language of an ardent and heated imagination, he pleaded his passion; and, in despite of every effort to assume composure, large tears dropped from the beautiful eyes of Ade-

line as she listened. He interpreted them too favourably: with a strong effort she summoned all her native strength of character, and thus undeceived him.

"Captain Wolmar, you have my esteem, be not offended if I say, my pity—but hope—I can give you none. My fate allows me only the alternative of marriage with my father's consent, or a convent. His views, with regard to my destiny, are already fixed, and fixed irrevocably! Thus, we must never meet again! Farewell!" There was a mournful solemnity in her air, that carried conviction to the heart of Frederick, and it paralyzed all the energies of a soul so lately burning with passion and elated with hope. When Adeline reached the door, she turned, and again exclaimed—"Farewell!" The pathos of her tone recalled him to himself, and darting towards her, he caught her hand, and with the wildest adoration, pressed it to his lips; then, echoing her words, repeated—"Farewell! farewell for ever!" and rushed into the garden. Adeline clasped her hands, mentally ejaculating as she hurried to her own room—"Thank Heaven! the effort is past! He, at least, is spared misery and humiliation. The proud Clairvilles will never wound him with their scorn. Wolmar, I have spared thee that!"

She by this time had gained her window, which overlooked the garden, and she was pressing her hands upon her burning eyes, when the report of a pistol struck like a thunderbolt upon her heart. A horrid apprehension seized her brain, too soon confirmed—the unfortunate, the impetuous Wolmar had fallen by his own hand!

The following lines, copied from the Connecticut Journal, are among the first fruits of youthful genius, and were written by a young man whose declining health portends an early dissolution: they speak the feelings which such a situation is calculated to produce.

ETERNITY.

Upon the awful, silent shore I stand,
And view the vast unbounded ocean near
Of dread ETERNITY. And what are now
The thoughts that overwhelm the trembling soul?
No mortal tongue can give them utterance—
No mortal pen can give the slightest touch
Of their deep, solemn, dread reality;
Before the astonish'd soul what awful scenes
Stretch onward—onward—onward—without end!
And thou, my trembling soul, must shortly launch
Upon the boundless ocean. Whither bound?
Ah! whither? Well thou knowest that not a soul
Hath ever once return'd, nor can return,
With tidings from the further shore. Oh stay—
My God! permit my trembling soul to stay
But for a while, that she may once again
Reflect upon her destined course; nor plunge,
Thoughtless and unprepared, in that vast deep,
Which none hath ever fathom'd. Where, oh!
where
Shall thou, my soul, a landing-place obtain?
Think yet again: Oh dread, momentous thought!
Canst thou well weigh it? Ask Eternity,
Is there no star to point thy solemn course?
Yes—Oh thou bright, thou glorious EASTERN
STAR!
Shine—shine, thou STAR OF BETHLEHEM, on my
way.
That lies through vast Eternity—Oh guide
My spirit safely through to that blest shore
Where all is peace, and happiness, and love! W*

For the American Athenæum.

OH, TELL ME NOT.

Oh, tell me not that time can calm
The anguish of a broken heart;
Oh, tell me not that hope's sweet balm
Its healing power can e'er impart
To one who feels that hope's last link
Is broken, vanish'd into air—
To one who's verging on the brink
Of frenzied madness, dark despair.

Oh, tell me not that love can cheer
The path from which e'en hope has fled;
Oh, tell me not that friendship e'er
Can smooth the rough, the thorny bed
Of one who never yet hath slept
But on the bed of grief and pain;
Of one, alas! who long hath wept
All moisture from his frenzied brain.

Oh, tell me not that wine can drown
The anguish of this wretched state,
Or turn aside the chilling frown
Of stern and unrelenting fate;
But tell me that RELIGION bright
Can gild the darkest scenes of even,
And with its pure and sacred light
Illumine the path that leads to Heaven!

ALBERT.

From the European Magazine.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRESENT
STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

THE Americans cultivate, by a sort of predilection, our language and our literature; and in this respect their citizens coming from Germany, France, and Holland, do the same. In agreeable and polite literature, they yield to England, Germany, France, and Italy. They cultivate, however, with success, all kinds of poetry and romance; and their best works in these two branches, have found translators in Europe. They have also a taste for theatrical performances; and a great English actor has acknowledged to receive more encouragement during his stay in four or five of their principal cities, in the midst of a population of 400,000 inhabitants, than he ever experienced in London. In books of education, history, and politics, they are not inferior to the principal European nations: and it is their own works that they use in their schools and seminaries, and which form their legislators, juriconsults, and physicians. Besides their general history of the confederation, they have the histories of the eighteen states of the union, composed by national writers, and all of these are veridical and rich in facts; the biography too of their great men, is far from being neglected.

In mathematics and chemistry, they are not on a level with Europe; but in works of botany, metallurgy, ornithology, astronomy, and navigation, they can support a competition. Their grammatical inquiries respecting the languages of their country have opened a new field to the philologists of France and Germany. The American maps are copied by the geographers of Europe. The atlas of M. Tanner, displays in this respect, great perfection; they have likewise important treatises upon the hydrography of their states; and their authors have published important maritime discoveries: whilst the learned world is indebted to the en-

couragement of their Congress, for the best and most profound of all the statistical collections extant.

The press of Cambridge and Philadelphia, of the Literary Society of New-York, and of the Philosophical Society, as well as that of the Congress and others, bring to light every year very interesting literary productions. One of their papers alone has lately announced more than 150 American works, all new, and consisting of novels, poems, travels, treatises upon moral philosophy, mineralogy, physical and political geography, history, biography, philology, oratory, agriculture, gardening, and mechanics; their official writings upon public affairs, and the reports of their chief secretary of state, are very distinguished works.

The United States are also the firmest supporters of the liberty of the seas, and of agriculture in relation with commerce. They were the first to prohibit the slave trade, and declare it a piracy. Their doctrine of government and the finances, has even found followers in some parts of Europe.

Printing with them is carried on after a more extensive scale, and to greater advantage than with us; and it is in their own editions, that they most generally read foreign works. Our books, when imported to their country, are as so much seed for typographical harvest. They expend yearly, in publishing, from two to three millions of dollars: but they want a law to protect this kind of property.—They have published, since these three last years, 7,500 copies of Stewart's Philosophy; and a capital of 500,000 dollars is employed for the reprinting Ree's Encyclopedia. They have also printed 200,000 copies of the novels by the author of Waverly, which makes in all 500,000 volumes: and there is always on their public roads, two hundred wagons loaded with books. A single article, *The Life of Washington*, by M. Weems, has had a run of more than a hundred thousand copies. They print also a great number of journals and literary reviews. The *N. American Review* has a sale of 4000 copies, and they reprint an equal number of our *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*. Though they have only ten millions of inhabitants, they have more than one thousand periodical papers, or civil and political journals, each of which has many thousand subscribers. But their great advantage is the liberty of the press—which has been ever indispensable to freedom and prosperity. An American would not take the delights of France and Italy, in exchange for the newspapers that reach him from all parts, bringing him the most useful instruction, and grateful refreshment in his leisure hours. He knows by experience that the happy fruits of the liberty of the press, not only make amends for its possible abuse, but weakens it effectually. Their licentious papers die away for want of readers; whilst those that succeed, are conformable to sound reason, and exempt from sa-

ture. Each makes his complaint in the journals when he pleases; the public do immediate justice to all, after the same manner that the most enlightened and impartial jury might be supposed to proceed in a court-house. Yes, imprisonment, the scaffold, and torture, are less efficacious for repressing the abuse of the press, than that liberty which the Americans enjoy. Though you should arm yourself with judiciary labours, for the end of imposing on credulity, or call in the aid of blasphemy and calumny, you only still increase the evil.

The Americans have in exercise forty-four thousand commissions for encouraging invention and improvement in the arts. Neither England nor France has so many: and their conservatory of models is as richly stocked as that belonging to either of these countries. Their manufactories for the spinning of cotton, are productive of more wealth than taxes upon this industry could produce. Their mills too, are superior to those of Europe; and they have invented twenty different kinds of weaving looms, that are moved by steam, water, wind, or animals. Their spinning machines are now so improved by art, that spinning is with them at a much lower price than with us. It is to the Americans that we are really indebted for the invention of steam-boats, which are not less important for maintaining civil and religious liberty, than gunpowder, printing, or the compass.

The United States are also greatly distinguished above other countries, for the construction and equipment of ships of commerce and of war. Their merchant vessels, which have crews so few in number, spare the one third of the time which the vessels of other nations employ in going the same passage; and it is only those of the British navy that can cope with them for speed. In the art of constructing a plough, a ship, or a house, the Americans can contend with the people of any other nation, without exception. In no part of the world has there been greater progress made in the rational use of the four elements, and their produce, than in the United States; for their inhabitants are better fed, and more comfortably clothed, than those of most other countries. They have but one middling city for a capital, and all their towns together scarcely contain a million of inhabitants; yet their bridges, highways, canals, aqueducts, and facility of communication, excel those of many other countries. In two years time they will have terminated their great canals by an inland navigation of 10,000 miles from the valleys of the west to the waters of the Hudson and the Chesapeake. There is not at present in Europe any undertaking which surpasses that of the canal of New-York, and the hydraulical works at Philadelphia.

The instruction of the children of the poor, is even attended to with care; and almost all children frequent the public schools, in which there are at present more than 300,000 students. They reck-

on 1200 who are educated for physicians, and about 1000 that are given to the study of the law, and there are more than a hundred seminaries, or literary institutions, which are for the most part ecclesiastical. Instruction is in no part a monopoly or political instrument; and they know not a congregation which shows a tendency to possess either. There are universities where they confine their studies, as in the colleges of Europe, to Greek, Latin, Logic, and Rhetoric; but in all other parts instruction is to fortify the mind, and procure useful knowledge. Physics, the mathematics, natural science, and the living languages, are there the objects of a just preference. They teach neither Latin nor Greek in military schools. In those countries where they endeavour to suppress a wise liberty, the seeds of revolution ferment, and sedition and revolt find way into their schools and academies. Nothing of the kind has existed in North America, for the revolution was accomplished there without tumult and massacre. Here even cultivators comprehend the philosophy of politics better than many monarchs. Poetry, music, and painting, may languish even in Italy, but philosophy, and the arts and sciences shall reign in the United States; it is from them that the rulers of the old world can learn what a population is worth who have received, at the public expense, and among ranks of all orders, an instruction always directed towards what is useful.

VARIETIES.

LINES.

(Translated from the French.)

Yes, I will keep them for thy sake;
Oh! these are words of power,
From parted love the sting to take,
And soothe affliction's hour.

Yes, for thy sake each pledge I'll keep,
Through life's uncertain years;
And e'en the eyes that o'er them weep
Shall find a bliss in tears.

The simplest gift of those we love
Retains a magic power;
Dear to me the chain you wove,
And dear the gather'd flower.

Yes, I will keep them for thy sake;
My heart their shrine shall be;
And every wish that hope can wake
Shall blend through life in thee.

[Extracts from foreign Journals received at this office.]

Arabia.—A foreign publication notices that up to the present day the Arab language is spoken in all the capital cities of Mahometan countries, both in the East and in Barbary; though, at the same time, the ancient dialect of Mondhar, (or of the Koran,) which was formerly in use there, has been greatly corrupted, and has undergone several changes in the inflection of its words.

A Singular Monastery.—At the distance of forty versts from Dubossaru, ascending the Dniester, there is a monastery situated on almost inaccessible rocks. Formerly, the inhabitants of the environs sought an asylum from the incursions of the Tartars in the midst of similar fastnesses. Part of the building still standing, serves as a retreat for the wild pigeons in stormy weather. The church

and cells, hewn in the massive rock, have no need of covering or repair: the cells are cold and unwholesome, so that the monks, twelve in number, sleep with their clothes on. Among the trees which grow in this solitary place, there is one which merits particular attention; the Moldavians call it Kung. Its roots penetrate into the hardest stone; its fruit resembles a cherry, in taste and form, and its kernel has a spiritous and agreeable flavour: this tree, too, like the citron, bears flowers and fruits at the same time, and continues bearing till the end of autumn.

New Light.—The interior of the theatre La Fenice, at Venice, is now lighted up by means of a new process, invented by the mechanician Locatelli. It appears, from the description given of it by an Italian Journal, that lamps concealed in the roof and fitted up with parabolic reflectors, throw all their rays of light upon an opening one foot in diameter, in the centre of the ceiling. This opening is furnished with an ingenious system of lenses, which concentrate the rays and reflect them to every part of the house. This mode of lighting presents several advantages; the light is more vivid, and more generally diffused; nothing intervenes between the stage and the spectators occupying an elevated situation in front; the lamps may be approached to be trimmed without the public perceiving it, and there is neither smoke nor smell proceeding from the burning of oil. An idea of this method may be formed by representing to oneself a luminous disc on the sun at its zenith.

The Thaumatrope.—This amusing affair certainly belongs to the fine arts! Its author, or inventor, claims for himself "the exclusive merit of having first constructed a hand-mill, by which puns and epigrams may be turned with as much ease as tunes are played on a hand-organ, and old jokes so rounded and changed as to assume all the airs of originality; and he trusts that his discovery may afford the happy means of giving activity to wit that has been long stationary, of revolutionizing the present system of standing jokes, and of putting into rapid circulation the most approved bon-mots." The machine consists of several painted cards, with figures and illustrative mottos, suspended in a round box by means of bobbins, and by rapidly twirling the cards, *secundum artem*, many fanciful devices are displayed.

"CITY BATH."

We would earnestly recommend to our readers the Baths, recently established by Mr. Morris, in Chambers-street. Every thing that can conduce to convenience, comfort, and we were about to say luxury, in such an establishment, has been provided by the proprietor. The ladies' baths are capacious, and every way suitable for their accommodation. In addition to the entrance in Chambers-st. there is also one in Reed-st.

THE DRAMA.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

July 23.—*Tom Thumb, and Forty Thieves.*—Whoever has been so unlucky as to be placed on the "free list" of a theatre, or has been seduced into the purchase of a free admission, will at once admit that nothing caused so great a damp upon his relish for amusement, as finding that he could, at pleasure, walk in and out without the ceremony of paying for his entrance. When this is the case,

he soon becomes altogether indifferent to theatrical performances, so far as regards the pleasure derived from attending them; and the "good company" in the boxes become as tiresome as the same dull monotony of faces in the cabin of a vessel does after a six weeks' voyage. Scarcely had we ceased from felicitating ourselves upon our happiness at receiving the agreeable information that our name was "at the box door," when we began to experience all the enervating consequences of having indulged too violently our passion for the drama; we had attended nightly for some time, and very unwillingly perceived a sensible diminution of the raptures we originally felt; our aristocratical feelings of triumph over the "groundlings" in the pit, as we lolled upon our seat, gradually underwent a change, till at last we fairly sighed for the unrestrained liberty we saw there enjoyed. To be sure, we had sometimes observed the peace-preserving Lester, the monarch of the pit, extend his brawny shoulders, while he mounted on a bench to clear a view for those seated before him, and we had perceived him occasionally overturn some half-dozen quiescent *pittites*, in his zeal to quiet some unlucky noise-monger seated a dozen seats from him; but these things will happen, and we were not deterred from leaving our brother critics in the boxes, and taking a seat on the fourth bench from the Orchestra. What prodigious information characterises the pit-audience of Chatham! What critical acumen pervades their remarks, and how nice their discrimination! Even their dress denotes a true spirit of independence;—untrammelled by the chains of fashion, they disdain the confinement of either coat, vest, stockings, and sometimes shoes—thus evincing their utter contempt of the "polite company" in the boxes, "persons of character," and persons of "no character at all!" We found ourselves seated in the centre of a knot of worthies of this description: at our right sat a "free and easy" gentleman, coatless and stockingless, who ever and anon swigged from a bottle a draught of true Jamaica—his remarks were pungent; next to him was a dandy in embryo, with a ruffled shirt and no cravat, black hands and face, and sand-white shoes, a tagged coat and greasy hat—he was remarkable for light criticism and pea-nuts; at our left was a strapping son of Hibernia, with a cockade, curiously compounded of mud and lime, upon his hat, with epaulettes of the same upon his shoulders—he was particularly attentive to a "red haired wench" seated behind him; and at his sinister elbow was placed a hardy-looking veteran of the ocean, who, with his arms stuck a kimbo, and with his japanned hat fixed firmly upon his head, whistled "Yankee Doodle" somewhat impatiently for the rising of the curtain. The first appearance of the foot-lights drew forth loud plaudits from our neighbours—he of the bottle took another swig—the dandy critic adjusted his ruffles—the son of the Emerald Isle insinuated himself beside the sandy-haired damsel that was behind him, and the son of Neptune ceased his melody, when a whisper ran through the pit that Chatham Theatre was to be closed for a few weeks after the performances of the current evening. This information threw a partial damp upon the spirits of the *pittites*, who were still indulging in speculations upon the occasion, when the Orchestra struck up a horrible concord of sounds, that effectually drowned all minor evils; in a few minutes the curtain rose, and—but we shall suspend our criticism upon the performances until our next number.